

Christian Reflector.

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whose editorials are designated by the initial letter of his name.

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Christian Reflector.

Mrs. Edmond's Letters from Europe.
NO. III.

Montrose, Scotland, July 14, 1844.

To the Editor of the Christian Reflector.

DEAR SIR,—Although I date this from Scotland, as you perceive, I am unable to give you a letter, at present, respecting this interesting country, owing to our so recent arrival; for we landed at Dundee but a day or two since, and from thence have come directly on to Montrose. I have concluded therefore to send you this time a brief account of some of the wonders of London. The city may be considered a wonder itself, to begin with, so innumerable are its streets, and so immense its size. It is 30 miles in circumference, and through the midst of it the river Thames winds majestically along, gay with shipping of all descriptions, yachts, ferry boats and steamers, that cut the water like arrows, so rapid is their motion. Seven bridges cross the river, and some of them are of beautiful architecture.

Not far from the bridge called after the city, stands the Cathedral of St. Paul's—ancient and venerable St. Paul's—its massive walls hoary with age, and worn by the fingers of time. This edifice, you may be sure, was to us an object of an early visit, and we were truly gratified with its sublime and impressive appearance. After examining the nave, which contains many splendid monuments, mostly to military heroes, we mounted a flight of steps to the whispering gallery, where we *whispered* to the abundant satisfaction of our curiosity, each standing at opposite entrance doors; the sound passed round the gallery with the rapidity of thought. But I must hasten to a description of the scene from the dome, from whose summit there is a most extensive and delightful view. The height from the floor of the nave to the top of the dome is 404 feet. Such an elevation would of course command a prospect almost unequalled. Far as the eye could discern amid the cloud of smoke, which always hangs over the city, are rows of buildings, presenting, with their roofs of red tiles, a most singular appearance. Below us was the Thames, its many bridges black with multitudes thronging to and fro. The spires of hundreds of churches, far, far beneath us, towered here and there above the dense masses of houses and public buildings, breaking the monotony of the scene. I was astonished to find how many of the Londoners had not yet surveyed their little world, from the summit of St. Paul's, so striking and so delightful is the view; but the excuse was, the opportunity being always so near at hand, they neglected to avail themselves of it; and in this respect men are every where the same, for how often is it that wonders we have in our power any day to behold, we delay to examine, while those that cost us labor and travel to see are deemed doubly valuable. Our next visit was to Westminster Abbey, which gratified me more than the sight of anything else London contains. But as time and place will not permit me to do justice here to this sacred and beautiful edifice, I will defer a description until some future period.

We took a walk through Bunhill's Fields Cemetery one morning, to visit the tombs of Bunyan and Isaac Watts, whose dust is there interred. They were very plain, and we had some difficulty in finding them. On Bunyan's was simply engraved, 'John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress; and this is enough, for the name of him whose relics moulder below, is engraven upon the hearts of thousands, and will, for ages to come; the pious pilgrim has long ago entered into the celestial city, and many are now following him thither directed by the way-marks he left behind.—The inscription upon the tomb of that eminent poet and divine, Isaac Watts, is one he himself furnished, desiring it should be engraven thereon. His happy spirit is chanting now with angelic choirs the praises of that God he rose on earth so devoutly sung, and there seems to come a voice from the tomb where his little dust reposes, saying, in the language of one of his own sweet hymns,

'My flesh shall slumber in the ground
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst its chains in sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.'

We saw in this cemetery the tombs of

many other good and eminent men, but none to us were so attractive as those of Watts and Bunyan. Their names had been familiar with us from childhood, and there seemed to be a sacred charm around their graves, which prompted us to linger.

We paid a visit to Hon. Edward Everett, our American minister, the other day, having a letter of introduction from Governor Briggs, and were much pleased with the interview. Having expressed to him our desire of gaining an admittance into the Houses of Parliament, he kindly handed us his card and seal, which he said 'would doubtless gain an access to the House of Lords for Mr. Edmond, but he feared their lack of gallantry might exclude his lady.' Nevertheless we both went, and upon announcing ourselves as foreigners, Americans, we had the good fortune to obtain for us both permission to enter, of which we gladly availed ourselves, and were soon in the presence of the august assembly.

Arrayed in their heavy, powdered wigs, falling down their shoulders, and their black, flowing robes, they were quite imposing to the eye accustomed only to republican simplicity. The theme of debate was, a writ of error in O'Connell's case. Lord Lyndhurst, chief judge, occupied the chair, and the Attorney General of Ireland was addressing the house. We saw among others of the nobility, the venerable Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham, whom we had much desired to see. They both spoke upon another case, and with a considerable degree of eloquence. The Duke of Wellington is beginning to be somewhat infirm. Great respect and honor are paid to him; an equestrian statue, made of the cannon taken at the battle of Waterloo, and which was begun by Chantrey, but in consequence of his death, completed by another artist, has been erected in front of the New Royal Exchange, and called the Duke of Wellington's statue. We went to Buckingham Palace the other day, expressly to see the queen, as she should ride out towards Hyde Park, but though we waited a long time, her majesty very impolitely saw fit to disappoint us, and also many of her subjects, whom the same curiosity had attracted to the palace gates. She has now gone to Windsor, but we shall probably see her on our return to London.

Aristocracy prevails here, with its associate, pomp, to what I call a ridiculous extent. So much has it amused me, that I have even presumed to laugh in the very presence of the great ones, at their numerous liveried attendants, and their supercilious airs, and stateliness of demeanor. But merriment gave place to serious reflection, when I thought how valueless was all from wealth, honor and pomp of England's nobility, compared with the salvation of one immortal soul, and how few of the number ever bestow a thought upon this truth.

We have visited many other interesting places in and around London, but I must defer an account of them now. Mr. E. and myself desire an interest in your remembrance and prayers.

With much regard and esteem, I remain yours, &c.,

AMANDA M. EDMOND.

[From our Correspondent.]

Open Air Services.

BY REV. DR. BELCHER.

There is something equally affecting and instructive in contemplating the ordinances of God and their results. The kind providence of our heavenly Father, furnished me with an opportunity a few years since of spending a profitable day or two with the ministers and messengers composing the Berkshire Baptist Association, in England. These are occasions which furnish grounds for joy that the interests of holiness are kept alive and extended in our world; they excite humility that we have done so little to diffuse the gospel; while they inspire us with new zeal in the work of faith and labor of love. Such meetings, too, afford opportunity for the exercise of the best feelings of the heart, and supply a delightful foretaste of the happiness in reserve for the Christian in the world to come.

The village of West Drayton, of which I am writing, is situated twelve or fourteen miles west of London: it is adorned with many of the lovely scenes of nature, but, alas! though thus blessed with the able ministry of a son of the venerable Andrew Fuller, its inhabitants were generally under the influence of unsanctified dispositions. It had been arranged that the evening of the second day of the association should be devoted to religious worship out of doors, on the village green. About six o'clock, a far larger congregation assembled than the church could have held; many highly respectable persons attended, some in their carriages, but a large proportion of the hearers were those who never worshipped God in any form. The preacher was the Rev. J. H. Hinton, a devoted minister of Jesus Christ, happily eminent for piety and learning, for zeal and usefulness. His pulpit was a chair, and his sounding board the canopy of heaven. The works of the God of nature displayed their beauty, and the light of his word exhibited in a manner still more glorious the character of the Great Supreme. It was indeed delightful to hear the preacher announce, as the

commencement of worship, the well known hymn—

Come let us join our cheerful songs, &c.

Deep and solemn silence pervaded the crowd, while he presented an impressive and scriptural prayer. None of the assembly seemed disposed to offer the shadow of opposition; each seemed to say, 'We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded to us.' Prayer ended: the preacher read for his text the interesting statement of the venerable Apostle John, 'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins.' (1 John 4: 10.) It would not comport with the length to which this paper must be confined, to give even the outlines of a discourse equally scriptural, simple, and appropriate. The preacher remarked, that nothing in our world called for so much admiration as creatures was delightful, it must be far more so when it existed between our Creator and us. He proved, that however men ought to love God, they really hated him, which they manifested by refusing to commune with him, neglecting his word, and opposing his authority. He then impressively observed, that though we had no reason to expect God to show us anything but hatred in return for our hatred, yet he still loved us, and loved us so much as to send his only beloved Son into our world to atone for our sins and prepare us for heaven. The preacher closed by presenting the most powerful motives to prevail on the sinner to forsake evil, and to believe in Christ, and in exhorting Christians to live as it became those who are saved by infinite mercy from eternal misery. The scene was profoundly interesting: the shades of the evening had, before the worship closed, enveloped the earth in darkness; but not an individual appeared to move. Many a tear was shed, many a devout prayer was breathed to God, and if an inference might be drawn from the silence and undivided attention of the people, many of the five or six hundred persons assembled sang with the heart and the understanding, after the sermon, the language of the sainted Watts:—

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

Such a scene must have impressed the mind of every minister of Christ present with a conviction that out-of-door preaching has no difficulties; it must have powerfully affected many hearts; it was lovely in the estimation of angels and the sight of God; nor is it too much to hope that some, at least, may carry the holy impressions they there received into the regions of eternal glory.

It was my happiness three or four years since to originate and assist in another interesting service, of a similar character with the one already described; some facts connected with which I would ask permission to lay before my readers.

A few miles from the English metropolis, is a vast plain known as Blackheath. Here, and in Greenwich park, which adjoins the heath, the inhabitants of London, from time immemorial, have been accustomed to congregate for recreation and pleasure in all their varied forms. A somewhat elevated site on the heath, distinguished by the late Lord Dartmouth, who planted some trees upon it, is called 'Whitefield's Mount,' it being the hallowed spot on which that eminent servant of Christ, a century ago, addressed five, ten, or fifteen thousands at a time on the concerns of the soul and eternity. Multitudes now in heaven were born to God on that lonely heath. Many who went to gratify an idle curiosity, and others who went to persecute, retired from the service to pray for the pardon of their sins. The spot is always regarded with a hallowed interest by Christians of every class.

It was resolved, as religion was awfully neglected in the neighborhood, as thousands on every Monday evening resorted to the heath, and as open air preaching was much practised, to endeavor again to collect congregations on the mount, and our excellent friend, Dr. F. A. Cox, kindly consented to open the campaign.

Perhaps at the commencement of the service some five hundred persons were assembled; the singing soon attracted many others, and probably when the preacher read his text, we had around us two thousand quiet and attentive hearers. His theme was admirably appropriate—I thought on my ways, and turned my eyes unto thy testimonies.' Psalm 119: 59. The importance of thoughtfulness and its benefits were forcibly illustrated, and many a prayer rose to heaven that the text might be the language of those who heard it.

As I walked away with the worthy Doctor after the service, we observed two young women, having the appearance of respectable servants, trying to overtake us. We stopped till they came up, when one of them introduced herself as a member of one of our churches, and said that she had invited her to hear a sermon, and that as she had often heard of the preacher's name she had been induced to

listen, and now wished to talk further on the subject. The girl, who stood all this time bitterly weeping, told us a most interesting story. She lived on the other side London, near the preacher's own church; she had never before thought of her soul; she had that evening come down to the heath simply in pursuit of pleasure; but pleasure she thought could never more be hers. Her heart was truly broken; we talked in the park some quarter of an hour; she afterwards again and again visited Dr. C. at his own house, and in a few weeks he had the pleasure to baptize her, and introduce her to the church of which he is pastor. 'Truly this was the Lord's doing, and encourages us in the morning to sow our seed, and in the evening not to withhold our hand, for we know not which may prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.

Inconspicuity.

I give you a fact which I should like to have reflected over all our churches. It has already opened the eyes of some of the inconsistency of one error, proving the truth of the saying of the prudent Fuller, 'that truth alone is consistent throughout.'

Not long since, an open communion church was established in Milwaukee county, of a branch of the same faith. It had held occasionally its seasons of communion, while yet a branch, and received as usual Pedo-baptists and others into their fellowship. At such seasons, it was not unusual to hear the argument against the table being held as *theirs*, since it was the *Lord's*, and given for the *Lord's* people; and the pitiful exclamation was made against the close Baptists like this, 'I will go and tell Father that you will not suffer us, his children, to come to his table.' &c. Among these communicants, was a Congregationalist attendant at the constitution of the new church, who unhesitatingly offered himself for membership. What, think you, was his surprise to hear that he could not be received, till he should be baptized! He remonstrated against them, as being 'worse than the *strict* Baptists, who will receive to membership their own communicants.' And what must have been their surprise, on his taking his hat and leaving them with this threatening, 'Now I'll go and tell Father that you shut out me from the church, one whom you have recognized at his table as a *child*, with whom you also expect to commune above!'

Wisconsin, July, 1844. GAUS.

For the Christian Reflector.

Charlestown Female Seminary.

MR. EDITOR,—I have often heard of this Seminary as being one of high repute, but not until I had the pleasure of attending, last week, an examination of its students, had I a just conception of the stand which it has taken. Feeling a deep interest in its prosperity, as I do in the prosperity of all institutions designed for the improvement of the young, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to your readers to give a short sketch of what I saw and heard.

The examination commenced on Monday, and continued, each forenoon, three days. During that time the studies of the past term were reviewed, and I was not only gratified, but astonished at the proficiency acquired in the several studies. I think that our community cannot be aware that a female seminary of so high an order is in existence so near to Boston. Ecclesiastical History, Butler's Analogy, Paley's Theology, Botany, Natural History, &c., were recited with a promptness and facility that I have seldom seen surpassed, and in a manner which indicated that the various subjects discussed were well understood. In addition to the higher branches of an English education, French and Italian are taught, and the recitations and interesting dialogues in those languages gave evidence of an efficient and accomplished teacher. Lectures on Chemistry and animal Physiology are delivered, and there also I found the ornamental blended with the useful. Painting, drawing and music are taught, and all that is desirable to prepare young ladies for 'woman's sphere' can with facility be obtained.

'Composition,' also, an important branch in the education of females, receives at this Seminary special attention. The students are taught to wield the pen with skill and with power. Several compositions were read, which were characterized by deep thought, justness of expression, and beauty of construction. 'The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.' 'The facilities and obstacles for accomplishing great purposes in religion,' together with several other subjects, were understandingly discussed.

The examination closed on Wednesday, and Thursday was set apart for public exercises in the Baptist church. At 11 o'clock a procession, formed by the pupils, preceded by their teachers, all dressed in white, marched from the Seminary hall to the church. There the exercises were commenced with prayer by Dr. Sharp of your city, after which the *sweet* voices of two of the pupils blended in a *sweet* song, accompanied by the piano. Dr. Sharp followed next, with an appropriate address,

full of good, paternal advice. He alluded to the importance of a good education to females, as preparing them to become good wives, good mothers, and good sisters. After another piece of music from two of the pupils, Rev. Mr. Phillips, as the organ of the Trustees of the institution, presented to six young ladies, who have passed through the studies of a regular course, diplomas. His accompanying remarks were highly interesting. He gave a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the institution, and closed with invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the young graduates. From his remarks I learned, that the institution has been in existence 11 years. During that time about 3000 young ladies have pursued more or less of the studies, 300 have become teachers, 60 have become ministers' wives, 15 have become missionaries; and 50 have died. Two only, died while members of the Seminary.

The regular course of study, I believe, is three years; those who take that course are entitled to a diploma. The time, however, is not taken into account, provided the student passes an examination in the required studies. The class which graduated last Thursday had the honor of being the first to receive diplomas. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Badington of Charlestown, the students joined in singing a parting hymn, composed by one of their number, and thus closed the interesting exercises of their examination week. The manner in which the examination was conducted, and the interest thrown around it, reflected great credit upon Miss Whiting, who is the principal of the Seminary, and also upon her assistant teachers; who, I understand, not only have the faculty of imparting instruction, but also of winning the affections of those placed under their charge.

The location of the institution is very pleasant. The Trustees have exerted themselves to render it a pleasant resort for those who wish to receive a good education. Commodious buildings have been erected, and every thing which can conduce to the comfort of students has been provided. Its situation in a pleasant town, and its vicinity to Boston, affords to those who become its students innumerable privileges. From the fact that two only have died while members of the institution, we may learn, that the health of the pupils has not been overlooked.

I have been induced, Mr. Editor, to give you this sketch, because I believe that this Seminary deserves to be more extensively known. In no period of our history, has the influence of females been more needed than at present. It is the mothers of our land, that are to mould our nation's future character. Although not called into the arena of public strife—although her voice may not be heard in legislative halls, yet by the fireside, at home, she may arm her sons with a power that shall be felt far and wide. How important, then, that the females of our land have sound minds, and extensive knowledge. How important that our female seminaries be filled with the young, who shall be prepared to scatter through the world the influence of their pens, while their virtues shine at the domestic hearth, and around the domestic board. J. A.

Choice Selections.

Some things which constitute a Christian.

1. A sincere desire to glorify God in all we do, manifested by right action.

2. A hungering after a correct knowledge of God, and a sweet delight in contemplating the wonderful works of the Almighty to the children of men.

3. An undoubted belief in the authenticity of God's revealed word, which proves itself to be genuine only when we practise what we believe to be true.

4. To possess the spirit of Jesus Christ, and exhibit it in all we do or say, at home or abroad, ever remaining on teachable ground, having no fellowship for the works of darkness, but reproving them. Christ-like not having men's persons in admiration because of advantage.

5. A punctual and sincere obedience to the ordinances and commandments of God; to be rooted, grounded and well established in the great saving principles of the Bible; and to be unmoved by the lozenges and the lozenges, which are almost perpetually arising in this imperfect world.

6. To walk in Christ as we received him, holding fast the beginning of our confidence without wavering, steadfast unto the end, with joy and satisfaction, counting him faithful who has promised to do more than we can say or think for the faithful in Christ Jesus.

7. A heart full of the love of God, and an holy zeal to promote every enterprise which has for its end and aim, the glory of God, and the future well being of the human family.

Maria Star.

Why is not Effort in Religion of tenor successful?

It has been often said, 'that God is a sovereign; that he will choose his own time and way to execute his purposes; that he will do as it pleases him; and that, as all our endeavors avail nothing without his aid, we must wait his time.' Let us beware lest in making these statements we encourage a line of conduct wholly unwarranted by the sacred volume. Such remarks have often been the sure tokens of indifference and inaction, and their tendency has proved pernicious in the extreme. While fully

prepared to admit the sovereignty of God, according to the Scriptures, we are equally prepared to contend that in the exercise of that very sovereignty, he has established an intimate connexion between prayer and diligence on our part, and the bestowment of blessings on his; that he has expressly promised to give his Holy Spirit to those who ask; and that whenever his people sincerely and earnestly desire any spiritual blessing, necessary to their edification and advance, and believingly pray for it, using the instituted means, it will assuredly be granted to them. If, therefore, in any given

PRIZE ARTICLES.

We here announce the themes for three more prize articles; the first of which must be forwarded to us by the 15th of August. The second and third must be forwarded by the 15th of the succeeding months, September, and October. For the one adjudged by the Committee, in each case, to be the best, we shall pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

The themes we announce are of a popular and interesting character; and yet such as we should not expect able writers would thoroughly investigate and discuss, without the prospect of pecuniary compensation. They are as follows:

1. *The prospects which the present age presents to the cause of Religious Freedom.*

2. *The relation of Christianity to Politics.*

3. *The motives which should induce citizens of the South to make efforts for the abolition of slavery.*

The names of writers, in every instance, to be enclosed in a separate envelope, not to be opened till it is decided for which article the prize shall be awarded; and the articles all to be committed to the editor's care, to be returned by him, or retained for publication.

THE TRUE POLICY OF ABOLITIONISTS.

We have many brethren in our denomination, who have looked at the sin of slavery and its concomitant evils, until they glory in the name of "an abolitionist," as in no other honorable epithet. In the contemplation of every other subject, they look not at its own independent claims and merits, but at its bearing on the subject of abolition, and judge of its importance according as its prosecution will aid, or not aid, the cause which they regard as paramount to all others. Now it is not our purpose here, to question the correctness of this mode of judging. We admit, that if the abolition of slavery be not a paramount object, it is one of which we should never lose sight, and for which, as well as for the cause of missions, we should perseveringly pray and labor. We therefore propose to consider it now in just the same light that they do, who would desert every other cause and organization before they would give up the cause of abolition—with whom the promotion of this cause is the first and principal thing. The question is, whether it is wise in such, under the circumstances which now exist, to "come out" from the Baptist Missionary Convention, and to exert their influence against the Board which that Convention has elected? Is this the best way to promote the anti-slavery cause, to say nothing of the cause of missions, or the peace of the churches?

Our own views on this subject are already before the public. The readers of this paper are now well assured, that its editor considers the obstacles which have intervened to divide our Northern churches in the missionary work, as now fairly removed; that nothing is to be gained by secession so long as the Board does not take any measure, official or unofficial, to conciliate slaveholders; and in the prosecution of its appropriate duties, answers the demands for which it was created.

We are happy to perceive that the same view of the subject is taken by others—brethren, too, of whose decided hostility to the sin of slavery there cannot be a question. The Rev. Aaron Angier, editor of the Vermont Observer, and candidate of the Liberty Party in that State for the office of Lieutenant Governor, recently published a letter from a correspondent, who, speaking of the missionary Convention, used the following language:

"A Convention in which the professed ministers of Christ hesitate not to rise and declare before the world that slavery is no sin, and that this can be proved by the Bible,—from such a Convention I would 'shake off' the dust of my feet as a testimony against them," and leave them forever except they repent."

To this Mr. Angier replies:—"We are ready, if we have not done it, to 'shake off' our dust" against slavery, and the sentiments uttered in the late Convention, to which he alludes. And we have no doubt Southern slaveholders would be glad to "shake" the abolitionists off the Convention, lest they should again make their appearance in the Convention to "trouble them"—but we had rather "shake" slavery out of the Convention than allow slavery to "shake" the abolitionists out of it."

The same editor copied the abstract of the doings of the A. and F. Missionary Society at Albany, which we published some weeks ago, and said concerning it:—"Did we consider that our connection with the Triennial Convention implied an approval of slaveholding, we should go with this organization; but as we do not, in the present state of things, so understand it, we think it would be better to retain all our anti-slavery strength in the Convention for the purpose of using our combined influence against slavery."

One of the most worthy and influential pastors in the country, of whose abolition sentiments we have for years been aware, in a letter lately received, addresses us as follows:

"I like your motto; against slavery, and for the Board. I think it right ground. Nothing else would so much delight the slaveholders of the South as to have all abolitionists cut loose from the A. B. F. of Missions. They now see that opposition to slavery has become powerful in the Convention, and is exerting no small influence in the Board. They are aware that they cannot suppress or control it. They see it causes indecision, trembling, and even desertion in their own Southern ranks;—and the inquiry, what shall we do with our accursed slavery, begins to weigh on many minds, to be discussed in social circles, and even to be instigated by the public press. And they perfectly understand that the connection of abolitionists with Southern slaveholders in the Baptist General Convention, has a powerful tendency to this end. Hence they wish that the abolitionists would withdraw from the Convention, and the other great societies of the denomination. Now do not our brethren see that to withdraw from these societies and boards, at this stage of things, is doing just what the slaveholders wish us to do—giving up the ground gained to us—ceasing

to stir them about the *second* question, and in one word suffering our locks to be shorn? If there must be a withdrawal, let the South withdraw. The party that withdraws yields up the ground to the other."

Our brother concludes his letter by saying:—"Do not our brethren who are true and decided abolitionists, for the love they bear to missions, for the sympathy they feel for our brethren in bonds, and for the cause of humanity and religion, to hold on to all our religious societies and boards, and then wield the power God has given us?"

Another brother, who is pastor of one of our largest churches, writes to us as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER GRAVES,—I cannot satisfy myself without expressing to you my deep interest in the course pursued by the Christian Reflector. I am glad to see you still high and strong ground on the subject of slavery. The holding of human beings as goods and chattels, is too awful and heaving-daring a sin, to be in the slightest degree countenanced; and I rejoice to hear the churches speaking out on this subject. The idea of declaring non-fellowship with slavery and slaveholders, however startling to some at present, will soon, I doubt not, be the all-prevailing sentiment at the North. The Lord hasten it in his time."

"I think that you are taking correct views of the position of the missionary Board. There is nothing now that need prevent a union of all the churches at the North, in the great and glorious enterprise of sending the gospel to the heathen. We can be strong abolitionists, and all united at the same time in the missionary cause, without any compromise of principle. Let Judah no longer vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim vex Judah."

"I liked your remarks on Mr. Wade's letter. It is a pity he should write on this subject without knowing the present state of things among us. I was sorry to see in his letter, a remark reflecting on the Board for reducing the salaries of the missionaries, and especially as that step was taken at the suggestion of Mr. Wade himself. He stated that the salaries of the missionaries were too high; he wished his diminished. And the Board, perhaps unjustly, acceded to his proposition."

"I trust that for the glory of Christ and the good of Zion, we shall all strive for peace and for the things whereof one may edify another."

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

When one studies the history of apostolic times, or reads of the martyred fathers of the church, or comes down to the time of the great Reformation, and lives, in imagination, with Luther and Melancthon and Zuingli, he must be cold-blooded and cold-hearted indeed, if he feels not within him the movings of an earnest desire to mingle in the stirring excitement of similar scenes—to throw himself into a contest for great principles, where mind grapples with mind, while momentous consequences hang upon the issue. One is very much tempted at such moments, to blame the fate which has cast him upon so smooth a sea,—upon an age so tame and lifeless.

All men are ambitious—some for posthumous fame, some to be talked of during the present age—some for wealth—some for power—some, it is to be hoped, for usefulness. Whether ambition is a virtue or not, depends upon its object and its motives. If the result be good, it is no matter to the world, what motive awakens it. But it is of great matter to the subject of ambition, that the motive for it be good. If the motive which actuates ambition, and the result to which it aims, are both praiseworthy, it is to be nurtured in ourselves, and encouraged in others. A large part of the great men of the world, have acted from selfish motives, and have tried to accomplish selfish ends, instead of seeking, with pure motives, to benefit their fellow men. Perhaps in very many cases, men act without any definite object, beyond the satisfying of a craving for excitement, which never will have enough, or attaining of a selfish glory, which is only a burden when possessed.

It is in the great duty of public teachers, of those who would excite and direct the energies of the public mind, to place before all worthy objects of ambition, and to hold out right motives for attaining to them. But first to remove discouragement, and to show that opportunity for the exercise of ambition is not wanting.

Has fate then cast our lot upon a smooth sea,—upon an age so tame and lifeless, that there is no opportunity for struggling through opposition up to greatness,—for leaving such an impress upon society as shall make an individual one of that company of great men, who deserve well of posterity? It is not so. There have been many periods in the world's history, when there was more noise, and confusion, and struggle of physical powers,—when had men, and small men, might hope for and strive after fame and power. But the period has never been, when society was so moved upon its foundations by the action of mind alone,—when fearful mutterings of the storm could be heard from the quarter where the clouds are now gathering,—when beneath the smooth surface, so many cross currents were swiftly moving, while men tremble at the fate to which a resistless undertow is bearing them. Observing men see, that we are already entering upon a new, perhaps a last, revolution in earth's history,—and opening a new, perhaps the last, chapter of the record of God's dealing with humanity. The world is in motion, and the gathering of Armageddon may be at hand.

Is it not so? Look at our own country. The elements of discord are actively at work in the political world. We have passed through seasons when there has been more of bluster, of external agitation and physical tumult, but we have witnessed a period when, deep in the foundations of our country, the causes of destruction were at work with so much power, undermining and scattering. God may interfere to counteract or overrule these destructive tendencies; but at the present moment, a prophecy of our fall as a united people, is the result rather of cool judgment, than of rash conjecture. All minor considerations are disappearing in the great questions of slavery and anti-slavery, and a few years must present the alternative of abolition or dissolution. The bonds which unite the Union are loosening, and tie after tie is breaking. Governments are teaching lessons of bad faith, and find ripe scholars among the people. Demoralization is rapidly spreading, and reverence for law is fast becoming an obsolete idea. These are causes for revolution at work, and means for their accomplishment preparing.

In the Christian world, there is a strong tendency to ultraism on the one hand or the other. The spirit of high churchism has suddenly and simultaneously shown itself in all the

hierarchies of the world, while on the other extreme, the spirit of come-outism is extending its destructive influence, with fearful effort. Papacy is becoming, every moment, more and more aggressive, while professing Christians are publicly denouncing the church as the strongest fortification of the devil; and the clergy as his most efficient servants. Satan, defeated after eighteen centuries of open opposition to the cause of Christ, is in these latter days trying the experiment of conquering by division.

Other causes for agitation and excitement, in the spiritual kingdom, might be referred to, but they are obvious to all, being embraced between the two extremes mentioned, and directly or indirectly connected with them.

In other lands, revolutionary principles in church and state have attained a greater or less degree of power, and are gaining strength for a hand to hand contest with conservatism, for good or for evil. The sea is not smooth;—the age is not tame. There are openings for ambition in every direction. In our next we will endeavor to show one direction in which a righteous ambition may be successfully aimed.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS AND THE H. M. SOCIETY.

The Christian Index and Biblical Recorder are constantly declining against the effort to prevent the appointment of slaveholding missionaries by the H. M. Society. The latter is using every possible argument, and saying every provoking thing, to induce the abolitionists to leave the Society. But we can assure him he labors in vain. He says in noticing the Paulist, of which he would have the Southern churches extremely wary, that one of the compilers is 'a strong abolitionist,' and he guesses the other is also. Our brother of Zion's Advocate says, 'If Mr. Meredith thinks he can drive such men as Baron Stow from the Home Mission Society, he may find for slaveholding missionaries, he may find in the end that he has counted without his host.'

The Index seems to have lost all confidence in the Board of the H. M. Society. He asks, 'Ought we not to be cautious how we receive their missionaries into our houses? And he adds, 'we do think it necessary, under existing circumstances, to discountenance all missionaries sent amongst us from the North, who do not propose to settle permanently with us, and who decline uniting with a church in our midst.' So, according to the Index, it is no matter whether a man's name be Wilson or Vivell, if he comes from the North, on a travelling tour, or for a temporary residence to promote his health, he is to be discountenanced; even though he have testimonials of an official character, from a national missionary society. Verily, abolition is a monster! and how fast he grows!

The Index proceeds to speak of the visitors from the North, to whom they have heretofore tendered their Southern hospitality; but who, *fortuita dicta*, have, on returning, publicly told them they saw and heard in the South! On this flagrant evil, he discourses as follows:

"They have feasted on our liberality, pocketed our money, returned to the North and abused us, through the press and from the sacred pulpit. So did one who was a teacher, if we mistake not, in the Judson Institute, Mr. Jones, who was a professor in the Farnham Institute, S. C. This latter gentleman has stooped to narrate, in the pulpit, exaggerated accounts of what he professes to have witnessed in the South. The acts of ministers, with whom, while among us, he associated on brotherly terms, and at whose hospitable board he was entertained,—acts at which he at least *convinced* while among us,—are detailed at the North in glowing colors, and in glowing multitudes. His former companions and fellow laborers, for whom he professed respect and Christian fellowship, are led to the altar, bound with chains wrought out by his own evil imagination, and there sacrificed to appease offended abolitionism for his temporary sojourn in a land of slaveholders!"

Mr. Chaplin, unfortunately for the Index, is as distinguished in New England for his simplicity and integrity of character, as the Christian Index is for its froth and exaggeration. Who can but admire the gentleness and Christian affection—the kind and forgiving spirit, with which the Index treats this traitorous and wicked narrator of the 'acts of ministers,' by whom he had been entertained? What a grief it would be to ministers in New England to have a Southern man come here, and after being entertained by them, return and tell their 'acts!' The evil of making human beings brutes, to be bought and sold under the hammer, and worked like oxen, can be nothing to this—relating ministers' 'acts.' Still, we fear the Index will fail to open Mr. Chaplin's eyes to see the flagrant nature of his crime, and to break off from its commission. If we understand him, he is a gentleman whose views of right and wrong are formed on prevalent principles from some which he found prevalent in South Carolina, and which control the editor of the Index.

MEN PRONE TO EXTREMES.

We find in an exchange paper a very pleasant and honest utterance of truths on the subject of extremes, which is credited to the Oberlin Evangelist. We had supposed that this paper did itself maintain the extreme character so admirably portrayed in the article before us, nor are we yet altogether relieved of this impression. But, be that as it may, the author of this article, whoever he be, is no careless observer of human nature, nor one of 'nature's journeymen' himself. He has both the perceptive and the reasoning faculties well developed. He commences his article with a remark made by Sir John Mason, (privy councillor to Henry VIII) on his death bed, which was this: "Were I to live again, I would change the court for the cloisters; my privy councillor's bustle for the retirement of a hermit; the whole time I have spent in the palace, for one hour's communion with God!"

"A perfect exemplification this," says our author, "of the tendency of man to extremes," and he proceeds to state numerous instances in which men—ministers, reformers and others, at this day—good, talented, and influential men, are running into opposite extremes. He then says:—"These allusions to common-place facts have been made to open the way for several observations."—We wish our readers to take the benefit of these observations, as well as others. They are as follows:

"The class most given to sudden and wide transitions are those who are hasty in their decisions, and violent in their action. Their excess in a given direction, instead of being a safeguard against change, breeds the very excess of it. They take extreme ground from but a still strike us, on headlong prodigality thitherward. These persons are ever to be distinguished from those substantial and trust-

worthy pioneers of truth who are always in advance of their age.

"Men prone to extremes are very unsafe as teachers, either in Church or State. They may be talented, and usually are energetic. But they are not safe,—they cannot be relied upon. Their talents and energy only make them the more dangerous."

"This class of persons are ill-advised to be reformers; yet none are more forward in the various branches of reform. The very word reform is music to their ear,—the more ultra the better. But the work of reform has but little attraction for them; it is too arduous, too protracted, too much in one direction. Hence they are always reforming the reformers. Anti-slavery must be pushed into woman's rights, the cause of peace into non-resistance, and so into no-governmentism. Such are the men who are liable to make the very name of reform a hindrance to true progress."

"It argues either a distempered brain, or a heart strangely wedded to ultraism, when a man can see no alternative but to pass from one extreme to another equally ruinous. What must be the state of that man's head or heart, or both, who cannot discern any *terra firma* between the North and South poles, but must ever be perched upon the one or the other?"

"The faculty to discover, and the disposition to occupy middle ground, is of inestimable value, and quite essential in one who professes to be a religious guide. Such an one, should he chance to get on some extreme, (which is possible though not probable,) will not, like the branch of the tree, which the traveller caught and drew after to the utmost point and then let go, to the dismay of his listening companion, whose face received the recoiling blow,—he will not rush to the opposite extreme, carrying accumulated mischief with him; but he will at a glance discover the true middle ground from which he has for the moment been diverted, and will speedily regain it."

REVIVAL AMONG THE KARENS.

Intelligence has been received at the Missionary Rooms, of an interesting work of grace among the Karens. An account of the same has been forwarded, by brother Mason, to the Young Men's Missionary Society connected with the First Baptist Church in this city. It is with great pleasure that we communicate such cheering intelligence to our readers.

Per Kta, February 1st, 1844.

DEAR BROTHERS,—I take up my pen to write you a few lines from one of the most interesting scenes ever witnessed in the Karen jungles. Our protracted meeting, of three weeks, closed on Sunday, January 28th, under most interesting circumstances. Forty-three were baptized that day, and more than two hundred communicants came to the Lord's Supper. Twenty were pressed home during the last week of the meeting, or after its close. Of those baptized, only three dated their conversion since the meeting commenced, but very many of them were exceedingly doubtful cases before, and had no idea of putting on Christ by baptism, before the meeting commenced. Nearly, nay, perhaps all have had the work of grace deepened on their hearts, and some of them in a very remarkable manner. One man of whom I really stood in doubt, when he first came forward, became, by the means of the meeting, one of the most active and prayerful in the congregation. Another, who did not entertain a hope, but came with his wife, who was a Christian, and whom I had to reprove for trifling and wrestling, in the early part of the meeting, became, before it closed, one of the most serious men we had, and second to few, in deep feeling for impatient sinners.

Among the strangers that came, who were converted, there were a few very remarkable cases. I will mention one. Near the close of the first week, Br. Vinton had one of the tants write down the names of the principal converted people in the neighborhood, and then read them at one of our evening meetings as subjects of prayer. Among those names was that of a Book-ko—a man of some importance in his circle, who, on hearing that his name had thus been made use of, became very angry. He said he had no business at all to write down his name. Nothing further was heard of him, till the close of the second week, when, on Saturday afternoon, he walked into meeting with his wife. On being interrogated after worship, he said, 'I have not come to become a Christian, but to hear.' We saw the hand of God in his coming, and before Sunday evening had passed away, he publicly declared himself on the Lord's side; said he was determined to become a Christian, and that now. On Monday morning, he and his wife came to be prayed with, before they reached their home, a son-in-law, who lived with them, became greatly enraged on learning that they had become Christians, and declared that he would leave both their house and the neighborhood. Knowing they would come again next Saturday unless they could be diverted from their purpose, he stayed with them all the week, but declared he would leave next day if they did not abandon Christ. When Saturday came, the old man and his wife and an unmarried daughter were again at meeting. The son-in-law's conduct is a grievous trial to the old people. He has lived in their house many years, and their grandchildren have multiplied around them; moreover, according to Karen custom, the whole family is in a great measure dependant on the son-in-law for the cultivation of rice. Still, the old man is as calm and unmoved as if nothing had occurred. After communion last Sabbath, the same man that had been in a rage for the teacher's writing down his name, came to me with his wife and adult daughter, to request me as a favor to write down their names among the people of God. I never saw so great a change in any Karen before in so short a time. New life seems to run through his veins, and he anticipates the usual routine of instruction in relation to the observance of the Sabbath, attending meeting, and other common Christian duties, by telling us the course he is going to pursue, and which, so far as we have heard, is just the course we wish him to take. Before the prayer meeting on Monday morning, he came to tell me he wished to have a season of prayer with me before returning home, and in due time he came and brought his family, five in all, including two little boys. After I had commended them to God, we parted, to meet not again on earth perhaps—certainly in heaven.

The advance which the church has made in faith and devotion to God, is alone amply sufficient to repay the efforts that have been made. What we have seen here is not uncommon in America, but nothing like it was ever witnessed before. The people have never before seen any special influences of the Spirit shed down. Many, in conference meeting last evening, expressed their conviction that God had poured out his Spirit upon us in a remarkable manner, and that they now had faith to believe and pray for greater things. Most of them hardly knew, when we began, what we were aiming at. One, who has received a large portion of the Spirit's influences, remarked last evening, that when he first began to pray for the Holy Spirit to be poured out upon us, he did not know what he was praying for.

There is something in the personal history of almost every communicant, indelibly engraved

on the tablet of his memory. I remember each as once a scouter at divine things, and reckless of eternal realities; being the first Christian missionary minded member of the church. I recollect spending the night at his door, on some miserable mat, when he 'cared for none of these things.' Here sits an old man that almost wept, when I incidentally mentioned the death of his brother, that occurred several years ago; it came upon him as new intelligence; he seems to have forgotten almost every thing connected with this world, and yet all connected with his Saviour, he never remembered more vividly. Yonder sits the neatly apparelled Karen magistrate; how his neat appearance and Christian deportment contrast with the dirty, vulgar man I found him. I count in the assembly five or six chiefs, whose districts have been so much enlarged recently, by the commission, that they have nearly the whole region west of the mountains from Palook to Mergui, under their charge.

It is because the word *bishop* is the same as the Greek *episcopos*, that the Church of England takes to itself the epithet Episcopal; i. e., the church of bishops. When the Baptist missionaries have adopted the title, bishop, the denomination may also, (and for the same reason) take to itself the scriptural name Episcopal. The Methodist have bishops, and so call themselves the Methodist Episcopal Church. We, therefore, claiming the scriptural title, for our ministers, should claim the same for our churches, and call them, 'The Baptist Episcopal churches of the United States.'

One inquiry on a relative point, and for this we drop the subject. What shall we call the large class of ministers, who have no churches over which to be overseers? To be scriptural, we must call them either apostles or evangelists. Which term, as a designating title, shall we adopt?

TOWNSEND FEMALE SEMINARY.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

The Examining Committee of the Townsend Female Seminary, respectfully present the following Report of the annual examination, held on Wednesday, July 31.

The time from 8 o'clock A. M., until 7 o'clock P. M., with the exception of an interval of one hour at noon, was chiefly occupied in the examination of classes in the following studies:—Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Physiology, Rhetoric, Botany, Natural History, Evidence of Christianity, and in the Latin and French languages.

The exercises were agreeably varied by the reading of a large number of compositions, and the frequent introduction of vocal and instrumental music.

The Committee were highly pleased with the promptness and accuracy, which marked the recitation in Mathematics; indicating that in general, the principles of the various branches which had been studied, were thoroughly understood. Great attention evidently had been given to the study of the natural sciences, and the recitation in Botany was worthy of special praise.

The Latin and French classes made very satisfactory recitations, evincing great familiarity with the authors read, and a thorough acquaintance with grammatical principles. The Committee regard as worthy of special notice, the progress made by a class, who began Latin at the commencement of the term; and who appeared perfectly at home, in every portion of the ground over which they had passed.

Each composition was read by its author; but the Committee regret that the reading was not, in all cases, sufficiently loud and distinct, to enable them to pass judgment upon every effort. Such as could be heard, were characterized by a very general adherence to the principles of correct writing, and in several instances, there was a vigor and maturity of thought apparent, highly creditable to the authors.

The walls of the Seminary were tastefully decorated with numerous specimens in Painting, Drawing and Ornamental Needle work. Some of the specimens in Drawing were of a very high order, and the whole exhibition furnished ample proof of the assiduity and skill of the teacher in this department, and of the proficiency of the pupils.

The performances in vocal and instrumental music, satisfied the Committee, that this department had been under the charge of competent and faithful instructors.

By referring to the Reports of the previous years, it appears that the writers have frequently found occasion to notice, what, indeed, is but too common a fault in all our schools,—a defective style of reading, tending very much to diminish the interest of the exercises. The Committee would respectfully suggest, that on this point they still find much room for improvement; they would indulge the hope, that hereafter, attention to enunciation, and to the tone, pitch, and modulation of the voice will be regarded as matters of prime importance.

In conclusion, the Committee would express the high satisfaction which they have experienced, in witnessing the exercises of the present examination; and would renew and very cheerfully commend this institution to the continued confidence and patronage of the friends of female education.

In behalf of the Committee,
C. W. REIDING,
CAREY TRACY.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

Lake Champlain, Aug. 1, 1844.

During the whole of our night passage from Syracuse to Oswego, we were in 'Boston'—the name of our packet boat—a name significant of true comfort, and of itself almost an antidote to home-sickness. The captain, a youth of about nineteen, and all his hands, were exceedingly attentive and obliging. The passengers were few in number, and, with the exception of a few Englishmen, were quite agreeable. Among them was an oculist from New York, who talked largely of the wonders which he had performed, and seemed benevolently anxious to find a patient on board, upon whom he might try his skill, for he subjected our visual organs to a scrutiny that might produce, where it did not detect, *strabismus*.

Every one, who has lodged in one of these aquatic vehicles, knows what it is to be laid on the shelf. Happy is he who knows it only physically, for to him the *deposition* is only for a night, and at this season night is short. But the shortest night, if passed without sleep, is always tedious. The distance was only thirty-eight miles; and yet so far was our course from horizontal, that it led us through no less than twenty-two locks, all in the descending scale. Thus, in addition to being 'laid on the shelf,' we found ourselves beyond the culminating point, and, like many others, experienced, in a single night, no small amount of *degradation*. Happily, however, this also was physical; and, though the process was not in all respects conducive to comfort, yet, like a surgical operation, it was soon over. At an early hour, we were at Oswego, or, as the veteran soldiers of the continental army call it, 'Old Swago'—and unfreshed, found a brief home in the American hotel. 'Precisely at eight o'clock,' as bidden, we were on board the steamboat Rochester, bound to Ogdensburg, and, in true French time—that is, an hour afterwards, we were under way. In five minutes more, we were outside of the mole or break-water, and, as the wind was fresh, the 'short sea,' Mediterranean-like, was rolling and pitching our vessel most uncomfortably. Little did I see that day of Lake Ontario, or of the scenery on its shores. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere cool and sweet, and the scenery beautiful—but what is that to a half sea-sick passenger, who is obliged to lie in his berth and watch the everlasting swing of the drapery? At Sackett's Harbor, as I was quiet, I went above and looked out upon the place,

associated in my mind with nothing more remote in antiquity, than our last war with Great Britain—a war the wisdom or the necessity of which I have never yet seen proved. At Kingston, all was again smooth, and I could not resist an inducement more to rest in the dominions of Her Britannic and prolific Majesty. The remainder of our voyage was on the beautiful St. Lawrence, and seldom have I seen a more natural scenery like that which this river affords. There was something grand in the view that these waters had come from such remote points in our continent, and, after forming such immense lakes, and dashing down such a career, were pressing onward so far toward the rising sun, to mingle with the salt waters of the Northern Atlantic. Noble river! Thou hast glories peculiar to thyself! Thou art an extraordinary manifestation of the power and beneficence of God! As I looked into thy transparent depths, I would gladly have laid my ear close to the lips of every pallid drow, and listened to the tale it could have told of its origin, its wanderings, its destination.

At the hour of a most splendid sunset, we passed down among the 'thousand islands,' made famous a few years since, as the skulking place of the Canadian insurgents. Great pains were taken to show us, at French Creek, the dwelling of this lawless freebooter, to whose memory I felt, as I have felt respecting other disturbers of neighborhood quiet, that I owed nothing but holy execration.

Having spent several days in St. Lawrence County, and passed over the route from Ogdensburg to Plattsburgh, a distance of 120 miles, we now crossing Lake Champlain, and within an hour of the beautiful town of Burlington, I think better of Northern New York than I did before visiting it. Much of the country is indeed rough and uncultivated, and many of the inhabitants belong to the outer circles of civilization and refinement; but there are also good farms, and thriving villages, and well regulated schools, and living churches. Industry, frugality and honesty can make men prosperous there, as well as in the more southern counties.

We heard it frequently remarked that much rain had fallen this summer, and always in showers, 'pouring down like a flood.' This morning, while traversing the 'Chateaugay Woods,' between Malone and Chazy, we had one of these showers. For an hour, the lightning, thunder, wind and rain were incessant, and it seemed as if, in the language of Virgil, 'heaven and earth were commingled.' The water descended in cataracts; and by no art could we exclude it from the coach. The forest groaned and cracked under the pressure of the gale. The bursts of electricity were terrific. The dreariness of the place, far removed from human abodes, added to the awfulness of the scene. It was a little too awful to be sublime.

A FEEB AT CENTRAL NEW YORK.

To a person who has been shut up in the city, exposed to its noise and fatigues, with labors incident to a pastor's life, the quiet and beauty of the country at this season of the year are most grateful. An abundant harvest is rewarding the labors of the husbandman. On every hand waving fields declare the providential goodness of our heavenly Father. Should a tithe from the fields already white for the harvest, be devoted to the cause of Christ, there would be an abundance in the treasures of our benevolent societies. The Baptist churches in central New York have much wealth, though it is to be lamented that it is not consecrated to the interests of Zion as it should be. Some of our churches, indeed, in which our brethren, wealthy farmers, here, do evince a commendable liberality.

The increase of the Baptist denomination in the centre of the State of New York, is truly cheering. A few years since, there were but three or four churches in each county, and several counties were embraced in the bounds of a single association. Now in every town you will find two, three, and sometimes four churches; and though the counties are much smaller than formerly, yet a large and flourishing association is formed, I believe in every county; and the churches, now so numerous, have individuality of interest in their work, when they were less in number. This is owing to the rapid increase of the population,—to the numerous thriving villages which have sprung up, and to the blessing of God upon the labors of his people. It is believed that there has been a corresponding improvement in the piety, the intelligence, the benevolence and the activity of the churches.

Though Baptists do not profess to entertain a sacred regard for antiquity, unless it be the antiquity of apostolic days, yet there are some who in the commendations they bestow upon the four churches which were in this section fifteen or twenty years ago, would not only claim the regard for them due only to a sacred precedent, but would also intimate, that the more numerous bodies of the present day are far behind their predecessors in stability and in doctrinal purity. Judging from an acquaintance of about twenty years, I cannot think that such is the case. It is true that several of the worthy ministers of the former period used to be more exclusively doctrinal in their preaching, than is common among the pastors of the present day; yet it is worthy of notice, that those pastors of the days already told, who were in the habit of preaching *directly* to the unconverted, were accounted a surprising instance of Americanism. And this I think constitutes the greatest difference between the churches now and those in Central New York twenty years ago. There is more direct and pointed preaching to the unconverted now, than there formerly was. But is this an evidence of doctrinal impurity?

The churches here as in other places have lately passed through a fiery ordeal, but though a few instances of individual defection may be found, yet the churches have come out of the trial of Millennialism unimpaired.

From a personal acquaintance with most of the ministering brethren of this section, I am prepared to say, that as a whole, a more liberal, self-denying, intelligent and spiritually minded body of ministers, cannot be found. As many of the churches are young and feeble, and as those possessing more wealth have not the enlarged views on this subject their own interest demands, while their labors are more arduous, the support of Baptist ministers is more stated than that of any other denomination. Under such circumstances, brethren are embarrassed—they are unable to obtain books—they have but little opportunity for study. If this subject were seen in its true light, 'short sea,' Mediterranean-like, was rolling and pitching our vessel most uncomfortably. Little did I see that day of Lake Ontario, or of the scenery on its shores. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere cool and sweet, and the scenery beautiful—but what is that to a half sea-sick passenger, who is obliged to lie in his berth and watch the everlasting swing of the drapery? At Sackett's Harbor, as I was quiet, I went above and looked out upon the place,

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Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

On the death of Rev. W. G. Crocker,
LATE MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.

Long-remembered, Africa, whose shores
From year to year have school to the groves
Of many a burning heart—whose every vale
And hill-top bath a tale of piteous woe—
Tell me, thou, who hast felt too heavily
Oppression's ponderous weight, grinding thee down—
Tell me, what mean this cry of wretched doom
Which from thy shore comes leaping o'er the wave?

Hast thou, to avenge thy wrongs, an altar reared
To thy paternal deity, on which
To imitate the man of God we mourn?
Or couldst thou hope thus to redeem thy sons
From slavery's yoke, and break the Christian's yoke?
No, it was not thy act, we charge it not.
To thee, oppressed and free, Thine was not the blow.
The man who falls, falls self-devoted; not
As Hindu wife, who climbs the funeral pile,
To give the dead the life she owed to God;
But with a spirit more akin to his, who
Came from heaven to die for guilty man,
The pious Crocker gives his life to thee.

'Twas love, 'twas love to Christ, 'twas love to
Thee, thou child of sorrow, yes, for thee,
'Twas love that brought him to thy shores to die.
Ah! here are walls which, if they could, might speak
Of light and truth and peace too deep for words—
Might tell how he has wrestled for a heart
Wholly the Lord's—a heart deeply imbued
With Heaven's own Spirit, which he might
Devote that heart to thee, O Africa!

Thy walls, school of the prophets, and thy groves,
Where once a Kowalew has walked, where he now rests,
Thine witness to his good, and to his love,
His vows sincere, which pledged his soul to God.
He loved to pour his plaint into the ear
Of Him who hears in secret, and to drink
Full draughts of love from fountains deep and pure—
Love such as Jesus felt, strong, deathless love—
Love that delights in suffering, and that
To bless its race and glorify its God.
O! if these walls had tongues to speak,
They'd tell us, Africa, of his love to thee—
Tell us how he has wept over thy wrongs—
How he has wept, hearing the wailing of Christ,
Should hold thy sons in bondage, and had prayed
That God, thy God, would break the oppressor's yoke.

Nor did his love find rest in sigh alone,
It rose from him to heaven, and sent him forth
To tend his wounds—his heart aching heart—
To tell thee of a Saviour—lost to one
Who loved thee, Africa, one whose word
Has power to make thee boundless free indeed.
Love bore him to thy shores, supported him
While laboring 'neath thy sultry sun, buoyed up
His soul amid thy arduous toils, made
Thy good seem dearer far than life itself.

Wearied with care, he might have laid him down
And slept in death. But no, God sent him home
To touch a thousand chords of sympathy
In other hearts, and then return again,
To seal his love by dying on thy shores.

Yes, there he rests, the pious Crocker rests.
Yet from his ashes comes to us a voice
Louder than blood of Abel. 'Tis a voice
That whispers peace to thee, oppressed one, while
The tears the Christian can shed are pleasants
Thy cause, and urge thee to bid thee live.

We hear the call. We echo back love's plea.
Our hearts respond, Live, Africa, live!
God bless the little band now laboring there;
Bless him who the departed bore from us;
Long may he live for Africa's sake, and long
May all God's faithful children there be spared;
And be the mission joined by many more,
Till, from each vale and over-arching hill,
Watchman shall answer watchman, till the Lord
Shall reign alone over all his isles.

Newburyport, July 25, 1844. B. M. M.

Gales and Sketches.

For the Christian Reflector.

COWEBOSCON,
OR THE FREEMAN ENSLAVED.

Coweboscon's master—Hoc Niger—Mysterious affair
"Payment of an old score—Punishment—Revenge
—A dialogue.

'Alas, poor hapless slaves are doomed to toil
With ached limbs, beneath the cruel rod
Of fiercely burning sun, and chilling blasts
That beat upon them with alternate strokes;
While long years of fierce starvation dwindle
Roll with lingering pace, and the grating wheels
Of time, that measure out the dreary space
Of hard servitude, scarcely seem to move,
And the toll-work and weather-beaten flesh
Lungs for the shelter, lasting sleep of death,
And seeks a place in the silent grave,
From slumber, toil, and raging elements.'

The man who was called the master of
Coweboscon, was rather verging towards the
decline of life. He belonged to one of the
wealthiest and most aristocratic families
of old Virginia, and had emigrated to Ala-
bama, when the State was new, in order to
preserve the wealth and independence,
which the impoverished soil that he had
inherited from his father would not enable
him to do.

His early days he had spent principally
in sport and dissipation. Like many whose
life wealth renders independent of toil, he
was captivated by useless and often harmful
pleasures. Later in youth, he had traveled
considerably, and he was now a man of
rather extensive observation and considerable
intelligence. He was possessed of a lively,
agreeable, and somewhat humorous dispo-
sition, which rendered him a very pleasant
companion, and hence his society was very
generally sought. His house was usually
filled with visitors, when he was at home,
and being of a remarkably generous, hos-
pitable spirit, he spared no pains to render
those about him happy.

His winters were principally spent in
New Orleans, or Mobile, whilst his sum-
mers he usually passed at home, where,
with his guests, he enjoyed the cool, re-
freshing breezes of the Mexican Gulf, or
in travelling at the North.

In his travels he had found the strange
looking negro described in the last chapter.
Partly for the sake of having a slave so
remarkably deformed as a curiosity, and
partly because, as he was stout and healthy,
he thought he would be a profitable servant,
he purchased him and brought him home.
As he was somewhat curious in the matter
of names, he gave him the cognomen of
Niger, adding Hoc by way of convenience,
as his more common appellation. Thus
named, he placed him in the kitchen.
Hoc Niger was as strangely constituted
mentally as he was physically. Sometimes
he exhibited a sagacity truly remarkable.
One would think him uncommonly gifted.
He frequently manifested a keenness of
mind and satire severe in the extreme. Then
again nothing could be seen in him but the

most utter stupidity,—a dullness of intellect
almost idiotic. At such times, it was
altogether impossible to make him compre-
hend the plainest and most simple state-
ment. His utmost sagacity sometimes
could not even get beyond a direct com-
mand when enforced by an appeal to the
whip.

Added to this he had a disposition most
extremely perverse. He could never be
trusted by any one. Even his master
had failed, by the most terrible punish-
ments, to bring him to obedience and
docility. He was always making mischief
among the negroes, and many of his prac-
tical jokes were of a character to be long
remembered by his fellow slaves. However
deserving of punishment himself, he con-
trived not unfrequently to escape and turn
it upon the backs of others. On this
account, he was hated by all the slaves
under the premises. But the more he fell
under their displeasure, the higher he rose
in the estimation of his master, till he
finally became a general favorite with the
white folks. At last, his master kept him
as a sort of a fool, or jester, something after
the manner of the old feudal lords. Hoc
held this office at the time Coweboscon was
taken into the service of his master. At
dinner, as his master and the guests sat
at their wine, the licensed wit of Hoc
Niger never failed to produce a continued
row of laughter. The deeper they got in
their wine, the sharper Hoc's wit always
became. Among Hoc's various accom-
plishments, were those of singing and
fiddling. He had really a fine voice, and
to his songs there was no end. Nobody
knew where he had learned his songs, or
who had been his instructor. He never
revealed anything of his former history.
Whenever any one questioned him upon
this point, his obstinate stupidity could
never comprehend their questions.

Strange as it may appear, between Hoc
Niger and Coweboscon there had sprung up
a real friendship. Coweboscon was the
only one of the slaves who did not manifest
to Hoc the most uncompromising and hostile
spirit. For this Hoc was grateful. He
became attached to Coweboscon, whilst he,
on the other hand, was glad to assist in
making Hoc happy. He had already
assisted him considerably in learning
arithmetic, and found him a most apt
pupil. He learned with a most wonder-
ful facility. Coweboscon soon found that
his whole character was a most strange
enigma. His disposition was really per-
verse and malicious; and yet Coweboscon
often thought he found in him redeeming
traits. He was grateful for the pains he
had taken in instructing him, and in pro-
tecting him, so far as possible, from the
malice of his fellow slaves, whose ill-will
and hatred he had incurred. But, not-
withstanding all this, and notwithstanding
the gratitude he really felt toward his friend
and protector, he not unfrequently repaid
him for his kindness, by playing upon him
some mischievous and annoying trick.

One day, as his master and his guests
were sitting at dinner, the whole house was
thrown into an uproar by most hideous and
distressing groans, which seemed to pro-
ceed from beneath the floor where they sat.
A number of servants were despatched
under the house to see from whence they
proceeded, but as they entered the dark-
ness under the building, the groans became
so hideous and unearthly that their courage
failed them, and they suddenly retreated.
No threats could induce them to return.
Coweboscon suspected Hoc to be the
author of the mischief, and according to
his master's wish, went under the house to
find and bring him out. But after a long
and most careful search, he returned, hav-
ing discovered nothing, and being in no
way able to account for the groaning,
which all the while continued and seemed
to pervade the whole space beneath the
house, instead of proceeding from any
point. As they all stood conjecturing as to
the origin of the noise, which had now
ceased, Hoc came down from an upper
apartment, and with great apparent sur-
prise stood rolling his eyes, and working his
lips in a peculiar manner, as was his cus-
tom when at all perplexed or embarrassed.
His master called to him and inquired
respecting the groaning. Hoc replied in
his usual manner, without exhibiting in the
least the appearance of deception. No one,
not even those who best knew him, after
his denial of any knowledge concerning the
mysterious groaning, suspected him.
His appearance of honesty at once con-
vinced all of his innocence, except Cowe-
boscon, and as his master seemed satisfied,
he said nothing.

A few days passed, and as the groaning
was not repeated, the affair was forgotten,
or if remembered, it only called forth a
passing conjecture. Things were about in
this posture, when one day, Hoc, who had
been to the plantation upon some errand,
rode up to the house at full speed, his face
terribly bruised, swollen and covered with
blood. His clothes were nearly all torn
from his back. Something dreadful had
taken place. Hoc alighted and rushed at
once into the presence of his master, to tell
him of the terrible abuse he had suffered
at the plantation. The other domestics
stood about, their eyes opened to the
widest, whilst by sundry winks and nods
and grimaces, they showed they were very
well pleased at the plight Hoc was in.

It seems that the negroes at the planta-
tion had long owed Hoc a grudge on
behalf of sundry tricks he had played upon
them. And as he had lately given them
fresh cause for remembering him, they
took the opportunity, as he was alone at
the plantation, to retaliate in full for all
aggressions.

A party of them caught him, tied him to
a tree, and gave him a most unmerciful

beating. Hoc screamed and roared, but
the louder his cries, the more vigorously
did they apply the rod.

They beat him by turns, one striking
him till fatigued, and then another taking
the rod. Thus they were proceeding, and
very probably they might have killed the
victim, had not the overseer, hearing his
cries, hastened to his rescue. He caused
him to be let loose from the tree, and as-
sisting him to mount upon his horse, sent
him to his master. At the same time he
watched the individuals engaged in the
outrage, and caused them to be secured, to
await whatever punishment the proprietor
might order to be inflicted. There were
four negroes engaged in the affair, Stuke,
the leader of whom, was a short, broad-
shouldered, stout fellow, with a most in-
sufferably sulky, obstinate, perverse dispo-
sition. He was fully Hoc's equal in per-
versity of character, but greatly his inferior
in sagacity and cunning. He was the
champion of the negroes at the plantation,
and a general favorite with all the slaves.
But he seemed to meet with little favor
from the overseer. He had been whipped
during the last year or two for nearly all
the mischief done upon the plantation.
For this unjust and arbitrary treatment on
the part of the overseer, Stuke had long
sincere determined to take his life the first
opportunity.

Upon the present occasion, the master
having heard Hoc's doleful story, hastened
to the plantation to inquire into the affair.
He determined to have the perpetrators
of the outrage punished after the most
exemplary manner, as a warning to all
future evil doers. After consulting awhile
with his overseer, it was determined that
each one of the offenders should receive
thirty lashes, except Stuke, who in addi-
tion to the whipping was to be 'paddled.'

The others having been punished, Stuke,
who had been reserved for the last, was
tied to a tree by the waist. His arms were
then raised, and he was bound by the wrists
in such a manner as to lift him from the
ground, letting his toes just reach to the
earth.

The overseer then took the whip, which
was a heavy cowhide, and struck across the
shoulders. The lash was buried in the flesh
till the blood ran down his back in streams.
A slight convulsive shudder ran through
his frame at the first blow, but there was
no struggle, not a cry escaped him, not a
groan. The blows fell in rapid succession,
one, two, three, up to thirty, each one
sinking into the trembling, quivering flesh.
The ground was covered with blood, and
strewn with small bits of raw flesh, long
before the thirty were all given. 'At last the
flogging ceased. His back was torn and
lacerated as though it had been mangled
by a wild beast.

Next came the 'paddling.' The pad-
dle is a piece of oak plank, from two to
three feet long, formed into the shape of
an ordinary paddle. The wide end of the
paddle is usually full of holes, burned with
a hot iron. This is struck upon the soft,
fleshy part of the body, and at every blow
a blister is raised upon the spot, left by each
one of the holes.

The driver now took the paddle, and
swinging it over his head, so as to give
it the more force, he struck the naked body
with all his might. The miserable victim
gave a quick, short groan as the blow fell,
and at the same time with a tremendous
wrench of his body, broke the cords and
was free. An axe lay by the tree, which
they had used in their preparation for the
flogging; this he seized, and quick as
thought, struck with his naked edge upon
the breast of the overseer. He fell without
a groan, and the axe was left buried in his
vitals.

Stuke now sprang at his master with the
fury of a tiger, but fortunately for him, a
ball from his pistol laid the negro dead at
his feet, just as he raised his arms to seize
him by the throat.

Recovering from his consternation at the
awful catastrophe, which had first oc-
curred, and at his own narrow escape,
master ordered the slaves who had been
punished before Stuke, to dig a hole there
by the tree, and bury the body of their
dead companion. This done, he bade
them make a litter and carry the body of
the overseer to his house. Then mounting
his horse he rode slowly home.

Coweboscon soon learned the particulars
of the horrid affair, and determined at once
to escape at all hazards. He could no
longer endure a state in which on one part
there must naturally and necessarily be ar-
bitrary and licensed cruelty, and on the
other, revenge and murder. The next day
the funeral of the overseer was to be at-
tended; whilst that was taking place, he
determined to escape by running away.

But unfortunately for his plan, a young ne-
gro belonging to the household, was taken
violently sick, and as he was one to whom
Coweboscon was much attached, and one
he had just taught to read, he concluded to
stay with him during his sickness. During
the ensuing night, he sat up and watched
his sick friend, who lay tossing and groan-
ing in the delirium of a fever. In the
mean time, the body of the murdered over-
seer had been placed in an apartment of
his cabin. There they were, the sick and
the dead, under the same roof. As the si-
lent, solemn hours of darkness passed slowly
away, Coweboscon could not but reflect upon
the events which had just occurred. And
then his history since he had been in bond-
age involuntarily rose up to his mind. He
had been a slave for a year and a half, but
his lot had been comparatively easy. His
master had treated him with uniform kind-
ness. His fellow servants were universal-
ly attached to him, and he, on his part,
had been most happy in making himself
useful to them. They had had no relig-

ious instruction. Their minds were as dark
as though the light of divine truth had
never shone upon the earth. He had se-
cretly catechized them, and taught two or
three of them to read, and thus opened the
great fountain of knowledge to their under-
standings.

In this work he had been most happy.
It had taken up his leisure time, and thus kept
his mind from dwelling upon the servile,
degraded condition to which he was re-
duced. When therefore he had determined
to run away, a long and sorrowful struggle
arose in his breast. Sometimes he almost
resolved to remain and be as useful as pos-
sible to the negroes. Then he thought
that his master must eventually find out
what he had done, and then some dreadful
punishment would be inflicted in payment
of his clandestine labors. His kindred
were all in a land of freedom, and why
should the dastard spirit of slavery bind
him? These thoughts were passing
through his mind. He sat by the bed of
the sick man, who lay groaning and talk-
ing in an incoherent and delirious manner.
The soft, gentle radiance of the moon
poured full into the room. All without
was silent as the house of death. The ne-
gro suddenly ceased his wild, raving talk,
and lay for some time in silence; then fix-
ing his eyes anxiously upon Coweboscon,
he asked in the most serious and thought-
ful manner, 'What is de soul?' 'It is that
which thinks and feels,' replied Cowe-
boscon. 'You done said de soul would
neber die?' 'Yes,—it will live forever.'

'Whar will him go, when poon nigger dead?'
'To heaven, if you are good.' 'How do him
look?—how big?' 'It can't be seen.' 'It
isn't made of any thing we can see or
touch.' 'Whar is de heben?' 'Where
Jesus Christ is,—nobody ever came back
from heben to tell us where it is.' 'Jesus
Christ de great Massa; him got great out-
fit de heben?—him keep overseer?' 'No,
—they don't keep in heben.' 'Poon nigger
have nuff pork and corn dere?' 'Jesus
Christ will give us food in heben.' 'Me
die, poon Ben. Me body cobered up in de
ground. Me want to go to heben—how
me get dere?' 'Jesus Christ will send
his angels to carry you, Ben.' 'Him an-
gel dig me up?' 'He will carry your soul
to heben.' 'Ah, well,—me glad me die.'

Then the sick man sank back into a
state of insensibility, and Coweboscon was
left the remainder of the night to com-
mune with his own thoughts.

Moralist and Miscellaneous.

Convention of Friends of the Refor-
mation.

A Convention was recently held at
Malone, St Lawrence Co., N. Y., com-
posed of ministers and members of various
evangelical denominations, the object of
which was to discuss and promote the great
principles of the Reformation, as opposed
to Romanism. An important part of the
proceedings of the Convention is presented
to view in the following account.

On report of the committee, it was
Resolved, That one of the objects of this
Convention shall be to enquire, and if ne-
cessary, to correct the views and feelings
of the Protestant portion of our community,
respecting the nature and spread of the
Roman religion, and the best means of
gathering those who are exposed to its
influence into the true fold of Christ; and
that as one means of carrying out this
object, it is expedient to attend the dis-
tribution of short articles exhibiting Ro-
manism, exposing its errors, and giving
statistical information of its present increase.

The Convention, on report of a com-
mittee for the purpose, selected the following
topics, and the individuals named, to pre-
pare short articles upon them, for general
reading.

1. The best means to be employed in
securing the conversion of Romanists.
Rev. A. D. Brinkerhoff, Champlain.
2. The difference between penance
and repentance. Rev. S. M. Wood,
Madrid.
3. The conversion of a Romanist.
Rev. J. S. Dougherty, Milton, Vt. (Perso-
nal experience.)
4. Exposition of Matthew 16: 18, 19,
and John 20: 23. Rev. Isaac Stone, Pots-
dam.
5. Difference between Romanism and
Protestantism. Rev. B. B. Hotchkiss,
Potsdam.
6. What is there in the system of Ro-
manism that destroys the soul? Rev.
David Dobie, Plattsburg.
7. The Lord Jesus Christ, the only
Mediator between God and men. Rev. E.
O. Spicer, Champlain.
8. Statistical facts relative to Roman-
ism. Rev. A. Parmelee, Malone.
9. The evidences that popery will be
overthrown. Rev. A. Case, Malone.

The Convention proceeded to appoint a
committee of publication, who shall ascer-
tain the best mode of supplying such pub-
lications, and take such measures in the
case as the interests of our region may
demand, instructing them to proceed with
the measures devised no further than means
are advanced or can be depended on. The
publishing committee are, Rev. A. Case,
Rev. B. B. Hotchkiss, Rev. Aaron Adams,
Hon. Thos. R. Powell, M. D., and Rev.
David Dobie.

The N. Y. Baptist Register, in a notice
of this convention, says:
It appeared from statements made by
several in this convention, that Romanism
had introduced its institutions and extended
its influence surprisingly in the northern
counties of the State. This is accounted
for by their contiguity to Canada, and the
preference of their emigrants to the govern-
ment of the United States. But there was
a delightful addition to these statements, to
wit: 'the conversion of many papists to the
true faith of the gospel, particularly in the
neighborhood of Champlain, where the
Bibles were burnt a short time since.'

We are happy also to learn, from the
same source, that the members of the con-
vention disclaim all intention to interfere
with the natural rights of Romanists to

enjoy whatever religion they choose, or to
meddle with their political relations, or to
deny to any the kindness and sympathy of
neighbors or friends.

The exercises of the meeting are re-
presented as harmonious and delightful; and
that good results will follow, the friends of
the truth are morally certain. We rejoice
that Christians in that section are taking
hold of the subject and are doing this in
the right way—with a kind and benevolent
spirit, and yet with firmness of purpose.
Let light and truth be spread, and we have
nothing to fear. Romanism flourishes only
in the dark. Ignorance and superstition
are the elements that give it life.

The Ruined Son.

"He can get his own way, if not let
him get killed," said a mother to one who
expressed an anxiety for her forward child.
And what think you was the history of that son, trained under such
culture? Did he live to fill some high
sphere of usefulness in life—to adorn
society—to gladden the evening of his parents'
days, and in the fulness of his own, de-
part in peace? Was his course such as
shed a bright and hallowed radiance on
all around him? or was it one of wayward-
ness and crime as was his early promise?
Alas! that early promise was so soon
fearfully fulfilled. The shade which rested
upon his opening life thickened and
darkened as that life advanced.

Of the incidents of his youthful days I
know little save as they may be gathered
from his general history. He was self-
willed and impatient. He was overbearing
and proud, but yet these and other
traits developed themselves fully in daily
intercourse with his brothers and sisters.
I cannot say with certainty. It is prob-
able they did. How could it be otherwise
when we know that two of his brothers
possessed characters and dispositions
similar to his, and that both of them,
after a shorter career, came from like
causes to an untimely end. If it were
so, if the passions of these ill-starred
youth were warred within the family
circle; if there occurred they gather
strength for future strife, we'll let it pass,
and look at what in afterlife was done.

At a proper age he entered into busi-
ness with all the expectancy of youth.
But his habits were careless and extrava-
gant. He was proud of expenditure and
was of prodigious appetite. He was a
card table, and he played. He incurred
his debts, and in a distant place sought
to repair his ruined fortune. He began
again, the same man, with the same
reckless habits of business and dissipation,
and the same result followed. Having
squandered thousands of borrowed capital
and betrayed the confidence of such as
had trusted him, he again fled the reach
of justice to act anew a faithless part.

But crime is progressive—and now he
began to develop that more desperate
character for which he became distin-
guished, and of which he had all along
given promise. If report be true, he
shared deeply in robbery and blood, which
another was doomed to expiate alone.

His, however, was to be no doubtful
share in crime. Vengeance he'd sworn
on one, and death alone could satiate his
wrath. He marked that victim, and in a
chosen hour marked his blow. For once
he failed. Yet still his purpose faltered
not. The thing was fixed; that man
must die. Month after month he prowled
in search of opportunity to effect his
dark design. He hired the assassin;
he sought for a man who would do his
dirty work. Failing in this, he shot him
dead in broad day-light. He fled from justice
to a foreign land, but not to live in peni-
tence. He had not filled the measure
of his crime until again he did the work
of death. This done, to show his hardihood
in villainy he boasted of these deeds had
gloried in crime. But sudden ven-
geance overtook him unawares. An out-
raged community dragged him from all
forms of law, and in spite of prayers and
curses poured tenfold death upon him in
its most sudden and awful form.

I have already said that his two brothers
came to their end by violence. I might
say also that a sister, divested of the
gentleness peculiar to her sex, possessed
the fiery spirit of her brothers. She was
ruined by her passions. And why? Because
that mother ruined it. Other influences had
their agency, but the most powerful was
hers. She taught those lessons of blood
in language of which we have given a
specimen. She gave the early tendency.
The thirst for strife, the desperate resolu-
tion, the cool revenge were hers. She taught
those ruinous sons the way to death. 'She
did it in their youth, and when they grew
they never forgot it. She sowed the seed
—she reaped the fruit.

Oh, there is something in early paternal
impressions which is imperishable for
good or evil. A mother's voice pleading
for righteousness and God-given never
is forgotten. The son may wander long in
sin, may sin all his life over, and yet
he will one day need that voice of love. His
memory will come upon him when on
life he is tempted to sin or doomed to death.
And then he will turn and flee from the
wrath to come.

But let his early thoughts be turned to
vice—let a mother's hand lead him astray
from God, and let her voice be heard in
favor of carelessness and strife, of un-
belief and sin, and all hope of his return
to God is gone. His end is almost sure de-
struction. Unless rescued by abounding grace
he will be a "RUINED SON." Such was
the subject of this notice. And now here
live those the pathway of whose life he
has made fearfully dark and dreary—whose
hopes are blighted, and whose hearts are
"smitten and withered like grass."

Family Magazine.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A BELL.—The first
bell in Haverhill, (says the Salem Gazette),
was purchased in 1785. Before that time
there was a singular substitute, as appears
by a vote passed in 1650: "That Abraham
Tyler blow his horn half an hour before
meeting, on the Lord's day, and on lecture days,
and receive one pound of pork annually for
his services from each family."

OLD BACHELORS.—Henry A. Wise, in a
speech in Congress some years ago, made the
following list of old bachelors in general, and
Mr. Jackson, Secretary of the Navy, in par-
ticular:
'I never will vote knowingly for a President
of the United States, Mr. Speaker, who will ap-
pear as old bachelor to a reasonable eye. Such
a man cannot choose but to be an imbecile,
or a scoundrel,—a withered fig-tree, from which
no fruit worth having can be gathered or ex-
pected.'

Pure Juice of the Grape.—
A NEW article for church services.—This
article has been prepared, under the inspection of
a gentleman, recently returned from France—expressly
for the use of Churches. Letters recommending from
Windsor and others may be seen by applying at the
office where it is for sale.
No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.
June 8.

THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.
BY Mrs. John Farrar, Author of the Life of Lafayette,
The Wives of Worth, by Charlotte Elizabeth.
Letters from Letitia, by Charlotte Elizabeth.
Lectures on the Institution of the Sabbath, by Rev. John
Stoner, D. D.
THE LADIES' CLOSET LIBRARY.—The Hannahs—
A Manual for Young Ladies, by Robert Phillips.
The Marry of the Holy City, by Robert Phillips.
The Marry of the Holy City, by Robert Phillips.
The Marry of the Holy City, by Robert Phillips.

Advertisements.

Townsend Female Seminary.

The Fall term will commence on the 1st Wednesday
in August, and will continue thirteen weeks. Miss Rivers
and Misses Kimball, who are well known and successful
teachers, will be in charge. The Seminary is situated in
the town of Townsend, Mass., and is a most desirable
place for the education of young ladies. The course of
study is such as to prepare for the most useful and
respectable professions. The Seminary is open to all
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